Or will you, softening, the while
You further & yet further look,
Learn that a laggard few would fain
Preserve your nook?.....

—

—Where the Piazza steps incline,
And catch late light at eventide,
I once stood, in that Rome, & thought,
"'Twas here he died."

—

I drew to a violet-sprinkled spot,
Where day & night a pyramid keeps
Uplifted its white hand, & said,
"'Tis there he sleeps."

—

Pleasanter now it is to hold
That here, where sang he, more of him
Remains than where he, tuneless, cold,
Passed to the dim.

(July: 1920.)

Thomas Hardy.